AFTER A YEAR.

BY SUSIE M. BEST.

Is it a year or yesterday
Since we were last together, love,
Since from my side you turned away
To seek some alien star above,
Too far from ken of mortal clay—
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday
Since I was called upon to bear
A grief no balm can e'er allay,
A woe that none may see or share?
Since you have vanished, say, oh say,
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday?
Since laughter died upon my lips,
And I became too sad to pray,
For all my stars went in eclipse,
And hope's aurora paled to gray—
Is it a year or yesterday?

Is it a year or yesterday?
"A year!" cries Loneliness, "a year!"
But Pain with pallid lips cries, "Nay!
Too fierce the pang, too fresh the tear,
Too present seems the soul's dismay."
Is it a year or yesterday?

—The Century.

THE UNION OF TWO ARTS

A Confession and a Capitulation.

THEY had met—loved—parted, promising to write. There was nothing absolutely original in the occurrence; thousands had done identically the same thing before in their time, and, in all probability, thousands will emulate their example years hence. But the promise made on a liner's deck, though sacred at the time, was soon forgotten; and five years elapsed without a line being exchanged between them. And this was the man's fault.

Charlie Montrose had bade Zara Hoste adieu at Vera Cruz, when she was but a girl of sixteen, or rather woman, as girls of that age are ranked but in Mexico; one matures early in Central America.

A year passed then Art had gradually blotted out the remembrance of her Madonna-like face. True, he had kept five of her letters unanswered, by the way, which detailed to him her trusting love and progress in sculpture; but they had lain on the mantlepiece in his study till dust had begrimed them and nearly obliterated the faintly written words. Then four years lapsed, and Zara was almost forgotten by the man on whom fortune had smiled. Therefore, it was somewhat strange that Charlie Montrose dreamt sadly of the past during an interval at a ball given by Lady Belmont at her house in Park lane.

"Why so glum, Mr. Montrose?" she queried gayly, tapping him playfully on the shoulder with her fan. "You have not done your duty by standing out three dances! I must find you a partner?"

"May I have the pleasure, Lady Belmont?"

"With me? Oh, I should be delighted, only, alas, my program is filled," she replied, vivaciously. "But I will introduce you to Miss Vivian. You know the great sculptor?"

"Surely not the Miss Vivian of 'Sleep' renown?"

"The same."

A light step behind him caused Montrose to turn round. A brunette was coming toward him—a brunette whose beauty, surpassing even his ideals of feminine beauty so often depicted on his canvases, caused the master-artist to almost wonder as he gazed at the marvelous regularity of her finely-chiseled features. He rose, stretched out his hand mechanically to pull back the heavy portiere for her to pass into the ballroom, when she stopped suddenly, and, glancing swiftly up at the handsome face of the limner, said impulsively:

"Mr. Montrose, the great artist, I believe?" He glanced straight into the eyes raised shyly to his, then replied:

"That is my name. As a great artist I believe I am a fraud!" then added modestly: "I have been lucky, that is all!"

"You are modest," she said gently. "I hope you will excuse my presumption in speaking to you without a formal introduction, but I was very anxious to speak to you. I only saw you once before to-night—at the Academy; you were pointed out to me."

"I am indeed honored by your remembering my features," he said, politely. Then glancing steadily at her face, said, thoughtfully: "But surely your face is familiar? It is—ah, yes!" he cried bitterly, "I know whom you resemble. You are much prettier, yet so strangely—strangely like a girl I once knew!" He sighed, as he let the portiere fall from his grasp.

"Indeed?" The brown eyes opened widely. "I am pleased I resemble that lady—you—you were interested in. It is quite romantic, to be included, if even in so slight a degree, in a great man's life!" Montrose flushed dully.

"I am afraid I was speaking my thoughts," he said, awkwardly. "I apologize. I must have bored you!"

"On the contrary," she replied, brightly, "I am interested. As I resemble this lady, will you not tell me more about her? Or would it be indiscreet on my part to proffer such a request?"

"I am sorry to refuse," he replied, glancing at her. "It is very difficult to do so, but no man cares to record a shabby action of his own."

"But, Mr. Montrose," she murmured, "you have always been spoken of in the papers as the soul of honor!"

"So much for the truth of journalism!" he said bitterly.

"But, surely, Mr. Montrose"—her voice trembled a little—"you have never broken you word or——" He laughed harshly.

"That is identically what I have done!" he said. "I broke a pledge made six years ago, and now dare not redeem it."

"Indeed!" said the brunette, smiling archly. "And why not?"

"Because she would despise me now!" He stopped short, blushing hotly as he realized that he had committed himself. "May I escort you to the ballroom?"

She blissfully ignored his question.

"So you had asked her to marry you," she said, thoughtfully, "and then grew tired of her."

"You appear to be a thought reader!" exclaimed Montrose, almost savagely. "You are, however, correct. I did ask her to marry me, then we drifted apart; four years passed and I did not write, and when I did my letters came back marked 'unknown.' You, however, are wrong when you say I got tired of her. I have loved her all these years, and now, when she has passed beyond my reach—— Bah! why do I speak to you, an utter stanger, in these terms?" he asked, with sudden coldness. "Allow me to conduct you to the ballroom, and pray heaven I may never see you again; you remind me too vividly of what I have lost!"

He raised the portiere.

"No," she replied, impressively, seating herself on the lounge. "I will not go in. Sit down here beside me, I want to speak to you!" He turned to face her, cold lines hardening his face.

"Pardon me," he said haughtily; "I am unaccustomed to be ordered—even by a beautiful woman!"

She blushed crimson, and he, seeing her embarrassment, hastened to apologize.

"I'm sorry for the way I spoke to you just now," he said awkwardly. "My pride is my fail——"

"Charlie!"

There was a pathetic yearning in the way her lips lingered over the name. He started violently, stared hard at his companion, then approaching the lounge, said hoarsely:

"Is it possible? No, you jest! Yet—Zara, can—can it be you? For God's sake tell me if this is truth, or am I dreaming?"

"It is true!" she said softly, rising.

"No, you are joking, or I must be dreaming!" He seized her hand and gripped it, then said feverishly: "No, this is real—I am awake!" Then, dropping her hand, said, almost wistfully: "You have come to reproach me; is it not so, Zara? Be merciful!"

"I came over to England to see you, not to reproach you!" she replied, gently. "Oh, Charlie, you cannot imagine what agony I underwent during those four years of silence! A year ago I left Vera Cruz in the hope of finding you, and have only just succeeded in seeing you. I suppose you despise me now I have committed that heinous crime of running after a man!"

She asked the question defiantly, a crimson blush suffusing her face.

"Despise you?" he echoed, wonderingly, drawing her trembling form to him. "Zara! Zara! it is I who pose you that question!"

"Should I have crossed the Atlantic if I had?" she queried softly. "I thought you had forgotten me, and had I not been assured of your love to-night I should never have revealed my personality."

"And you?" he asked, anxiously. "Do you still care for that artist who asked you to be his six years ago?"

"As fondly as I did then," she replied, simply.

"And if he wanted to keep you to that promise?" he asked, gently, tilting her face up to his. "Would you repeat the answer of six years ago?"

"How do I know he would not ignore me again?" she asked, archly. He sighed, then muttered bitterly:

"True! true! It is only natural you should doubt the sincerity of my love." She melted at the sight of his dejection, then, nestling her cheek against his, replied:

"Can you forgive me for being so horrid, dear? I never meant it, for I still adhere to my promise of six years ago."

She glanced archly up at him as she uttered the words, blushing so prettily the while that Montrose flung discretion to the winds and kissed her passionately. Zare wriggled herself clear of his retentive grasp, exclaiming merrily:

"There, that will do! Enough is as good as a feast; remember this is at a ball, please, and see, you have taken my fringe out of curl! When we are married I shall only allow you to kiss me once a day, but never at a ball!"

Whether the prohibition was continued after they were, is a matter known only to themselves.—New York News.

What Pleases a Woman.

She likes to be truly loved and to be told so.

She likes some noble, honorable man to be thoughtful of her, kind and considerate of her welfare.

When well and becomingly dressed, a quiet notice of it is always appreciated.

A word of praise for a nice dinner often more than compensates her for the worry and hard work of preparation.

She wants her husband not only to be her supporter, but her companion, remembering that it is the kind, thoughtful, appreciative word that often brings her greater happiness than a new set of dishes, though presents like the latter are always welcome.

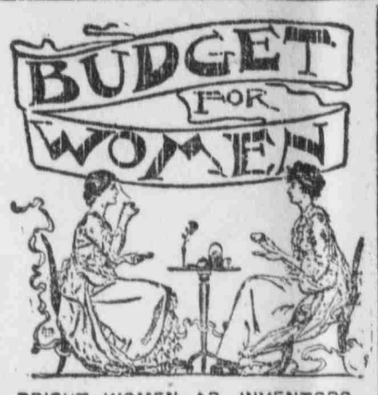
She likes to be made to realize that she is good for something besides a mere household drudge and slave.

She likes to be petted occasionally, but not in public. The little private pet names are very dear to a woman's heart.—New York News.

A Confirmed Cynic.

It is well to have the greatest faith in one's acquaintances—also to see that they are given no opportunity to shake that confidence.—New York News.

BUDGET FOR WOMEN



BRIGHT WOMEN AS INVENTORS.

Some of Their Clever Devices Are Other Than Domestic.

Just before Lord Roberts left for South Africa it will be remembered that he received a curious present in the shape of a bullet proof shield of aluminum.

This was sent to him by its inventor, a woman. She who patented this very much the reverse of domestic implement is Miss Helen S. Murphy, one of our few women inventors. Her invention is so far a success that it attracted the attention of a foreign government, who has lately been making inquiries as to the supply of a large quantity of these soldiers' chest protectors for their entire army.

As might be expected, the larger number of patents taken out by women are for domestic inventions of one kind or another. Some, however, like Miss Murphy, have turned their attention to very different subjects.

A Mrs. Westham has recently patented a new kind of solder for use by metal workers. A woman from Blackpool has devised a novel tent, which is said to be very light, and easily folded and carried.

Metal working is not the sort of occupation one would imagine congenial to women. Mrs. Florence Harrison has shown that the fair sex can excel in such a branch of industry by patenting a process for desulphurizing certain ores.

Mrs. Ames Lynde is another well-known instance of a woman iron worker. At her extensive works at Thornham, in Norfolk, were made the beautiful drive gates of Sandringham, and the King has for years taken the keenest interest in her work. Mrs. Ames Lynde not only superintends the work which she has started, but prepares all the designs herself. She has invented many new and unique designs as well as several methods for welding together the separate portions which go to form the elaborate pieces of work turned out at her works. So far has the fame of this novel village industry extended that its head received an order for the royal pavilion at the Paris Exhibition of 1900.

Lady Colebrook is another woman inventor. She is well known as a sculptor, and has turned her attention to a branch of work hitherto almost exclusively confined to men—that of carpentering. She holds every week a large class of women and girls from the district around her home at Abington, and teaches them needlework and carpentering. The latest achievement is a pillar box on a new plan, which is in use in the hall at Abington.

Doctors nowadays are all agreed that the ordinary cradle with rockers is very bad for children. The rocking and jolting quiet a crying baby merely by stupefying it, and the result is injury to the child's health.

A woman living at Twickenham has set herself to work to remedy this, and at the patent office may be found a description of her new baby car hammock. This is a combination between a cradle and a perambulator, which takes up very little room, obviates all jarring and jolting, and at the same time is so made that a child lying on it is completely protected from cold air and draughts.

Another domestic device which certainly fills a long-felt want, and for which we are indebted to a woman, is called the baby-jumper. Judging by the drawings of this device, the Mrs. Wilson, who patented it, has conferred an enormous boon on mothers who cannot afford nurses. The invention is a sort of frame in which the child can be comfortably placed, either sitting or standing, and fixed beyond reach of harm with straps. It is suspended to the ceiling by a rope and spiral wire spring, which when weight is thrown upon it dances the baby automatically.

It was a woman who invented the tack-puller, which is now so widely used in this country. The tack-puller is simply a lever-like arrangement by means of which the tacks holding a carpet to the floor can be easily and speedily pulled out.—London Answers.

New Notions in Coloring.

We borrow our ideas from all sources as far as dress is concerned, but the last notion is to try and adapt to women's clothes the hue of the butterflies' wings. It is quite true we cannot improve on Dame Nature, but it is mightily difficult to intercept her, and when you compare the colors we produce with those you see in nature the process is very certainly disheartening.

A blueish black which figures in some of the butterflies' wings we may utilize, but we can hardly hope to vie with nature in some of the hues which combine seventy tints in one, viz., brown shot with gold and blue, with reds and peacocks' blues. The fawn color in the butterfly's wing and the lichen greens we have never touched even. When you come to examine the beautiful butterflies in the tropics which appear to change in every light you test the impossibility of it. There is a green and gold butterfly in Jamaica, intermixed with plum color, which would make a fortune to anybody who could reproduce it, or the olive green and deep yellow of a Chinese moth. There is no lace so lovely as some of the butterflies' patterns, and a light salmon-colored butterfly in West Africa would, indeed, give a delightful scheme of color to many dress subjects, only it would be a degradation to the butterfly. Linen gowns of light green are among the prettiest, especially when trimmed with guipure and made with a bolero and full sleeves.—New York American.

Pendant Trimmings.

There is a brisk demand for dress garnitures which have drooping or pendant applications of passementerie, worsted, silk or even jet. No flat nor stationary trimming has the chic of these soft, surging confections. You may have spent laborious hours pinning on little tassels to be stitched down to your jacket front, and now, lo and behold! you find you can buy narrow or broad silk and braided trimmings with the delectable tassels properly spaced at intervals upon it in groups of two, which is the height of the style.

Another choice garniture is a mohair braid enhanced by groups of crocheted balls which swing from twisted stems and dangle for a couple of inches like black cherries. These, again, belong to the festoon trimmings.

A third variety is made of two or perhaps three braids arranged in parallel rows, and studded here and there with round bullet buttons. A crocheted line, fine but strong, is now laced about over and under the buttons, which occur irregularly on the different lengths of braid. Small drooping balls are also introduced on these varied braids, which produce an openwork cobweb effect very pleasing to the eye.

Gunmetal Novelties.

Very smart and clever for inexpensive gifts are the new gunmetal purses and stamp boxes. The purses are the size of a woman's watch and have a spring inside which holds the change firmly. Getting you car fare out is as simple as pressing an electric button.

A chain to hang these fetching novelties to is now in order. It is here, too, along with the Paris jewelry. In addition to being set with an occasional pearl, this delicate gunmetal chain is made double at the fronts of the shoulders of the wearers, the chains being held apart by crosspieces done in tiny rhinestones.

Pretty little gunmetal barettes come, too, for the back of the hair. They have pendants set with tiny rhinestones. In some cases there are button shaped ends, nothing else showing after they are thrust through the hair.

Black Afternoon Dress.

A very pretty afternoon dress consists of a black velvet skirt with tiny white polka dots. It is cut with a very wide flare at the bottom and is one of the extremely long skirts of the season. The waist is of silver gray plaid silk and blouses over a vest composed of ecru net and narrow lace. This vest has a pointed yoke effect in lace and velvet. Double revers almost entirely covered with ribbon velvet of different widths taper into a narrow turnover collar. The stock is of lace with a long jabot effect trimmed with tiny velvet bows. The sleeves are of silk to the elbow, from there on down they are of lace trimmed with bands of velvet.

A Dainty Trousseau Frock.

Such a dainty gown as it was, forming part of the wedding trousseau of a recent bride. The material was a sheer nainsook, the trimming Valenciennes lace. From the low round neck fell a sort of bertha of the goods cut in Vandykes, inset with insertion and edged with deep frills of the lace. At the head of this was a wide beading run through with pink satin ribbon, which tied in a large bow at the side. The sleeves were very full, falling to the elbow and finished with insertion and Vandykes similar to the neck. A wide shaped flounce about the bottom was finished with several rows of hemstitching.

The blouse jackets so popular give ample scope for the display of many ornate and handsome buckles.

For winter wear a dark blue, a new shade of green and the ever-fashionable black will be comme il faut.

A flat effect over the shoulders and long stole ends in front are very prominent features of the latest furs.

Lace of the same color as the gown, set in, forms one of the most exclusive trimming ideas of the season.

Soft cloches or bodies of beaver are used in creating very stylish hats, as they can be bent into any shape desired.

Gowns of blue cloth braided with brown or green are immensely popular; the gown of rough material and the braid of soutache.

At last the vogue of the Eton jacket as an outer garment has waned, and now we have coats with basques or the three-quarter length model.

The vogue of the bertha has brought the old-fashioned round, low neck into favor again as the popular shape for the neck of a low-cut gown.

Horizontal effects are much more preferred this season for skirt garniture than the up-and-down styles. This applies particularly to tucks.

Lace collars coming well over the shoulders are favorite embellishments for fancy bodices, obtaining their touch of newness from strapped designs of cloth or velvet.

Household Matters

Ironing Tucks.

To iron a tucked material turn to the wrong side, rub with a damp cloth and iron quickly with a moderately hot iron lengthwise on the tucks. This makes each tuck stand out nicely and is much better than ironing on the right side.

A Dutch Stool Quite Proper.

The ubiquitous tabouret is no longer seen in the fashionable home. It has been relegated to obscurity along with the tea table, not being consistent with an Arts and Crafts or Colonial interior. The proper thing now is a Dutch stool instead of the tabouret, and to have a maid carry the tea things in on a tray.

To Remove Rust From Steel.

Put the article, if possible, into a dish of kerosene oil, or wrap the steel in a cloth saturated with the oil. Leave it a day or two. Then apply, if the spot is obstinate, salt wet with hot vinegar, or scour with brick dust. Rinse thoroughly in hot water and dry with a flannel cloth, giving a last polish with a clean flannel and a little sweet oil.

To Clean Flannel Blankets.

Flannel blankets may be successfully cleansed by using borax and soft soaps. Put two tablespoonfuls of borax and a pint of soft soap into cold water enough to cover the blankets. When the borax and soap have become dissolved put in the blankets and let them stand over night. The next day rub them out, rinse them in two waters and hang them to dry. Never wring them.

Leather Used in Decorative Schemes.

Leather is being more extensively used for house decorative schemes. Rich Spanish and English leathers after those found on antique pieces of furniture are used in the richest and most exclusive homes. For dining rooms or libraries it is especially suitable. One recently seen dining room effect in leather was a reproduction of an old bedroom in an old yellow, illuminated with dull gold and bronze. It was applied in panels, with the dull bronze head tacks. It was finished with a frieze in a rather more brilliant tone. Old walnut furniture upholstered in the old yellow leather accompanied this. The library of the same house was even more striking and handsome. Its walls were done in an old dull red leather, with the chairs covered in an embossed leather to match. The very massive table was completely covered with the leather.

Simple Poison Remedies.

In cases of poisoning there are many simple remedies at hand. For instance, suppose, as so often happens, nitric or sulphuric acid is swallowed in mistake for some beverage or the other, then it is necessary at once to neutralize the acid before it has time to corrode the stomach.

This is done by means of an alkali. But there is not time to send to the chemist's, and the best thing to do is to scrape some mortar off the wall, stir it up in water and make the patient swallow it. If the poison happens to be alkaline instead of acid—caustic soda or ammonia, for instance—then you have the remedy at hand in the cruet. Give the victim a dose of vinegar.

Suppose it is an irritant poison, such as arsenic, or a sedative, such as opium, you must immediately give a large quantity of tepid mustard and water as an emetic. But this is not sufficient in the case of opium poisoning. Drowsiness comes on, which may be fatal. Therefore, you have to dose the patient with strong black coffee.

. . RECIPES . .

Parsnip Fritters—Scrape the parsnips, put them into boiling salt water and cook until tender; add salt and pepper after mashing them; then add two tablespoonfuls of flour, one egg beaten; form into cakes and fry in hot dripping.

Coffee Jelly—Soak half a box of gelatine in half a cup of cold water one hour; to one pint of boiling water add one cup of sugar and the soaked gelatine and stir until dissolved, then add one cup of strong coffee; turn into a mould, place on ice, and serve with whipped cream, sweetened.

Cheese Souffle—Put four level tablespoonfuls of flour; stir until smooth; add one-third cup of milk, a pinch of salt, a little pepper, yolks of two eggs well beaten and two-thirds of a cup of grated cheese; stand away till cold, then add the whites of two eggs beaten stiff; turn into a buttered dish and bake twenty minutes; serve as soon as removed.

Grilled Tomatoes—The dark red tomatoes are best for grilling. They should be ripe but firm. Do not peel them. Cut a thin slice from stem and blossom end and place in a fine wire broiler, stem end next the fire, and broil over a clear fire from three to eight minutes on each side, according to size of tomato. Season with salt and pepper and serve with minion steaks or on slices of toast with cream sauce.

Cress and Egg—Boil two eggs very hard, rub the yolks through a wire sieve and season with salt and pepper. Cut up about one dozen sprigs of cress into small pieces, mix with the egg yolk and a very little garlic cut up fine, mix with a little French dressing and place in a flat dish; cut up the hard boiled whites of eggs into rings and place on top and around the mixture. In each ring place a small twig of cress. This makes a very palatable and pretty dish.

RURAL NOCTURNE.

Oh! the cricket
And the frog,
In the grass and
In the bog—
How their ripply music soothes one!
How their gladsome chorus smoothes one!
How the unisons arise
To salute the night-garbed skies!
Just the cricket
And the frog,
In the grass and
In the bog.

We will have no cares to burden,
Where the things of nature sing,
But a holy quiet rests us,
Where the night birds softly wing
In and out the sleeping verdure
Of the hedges and the trees;
And the sacred theme is wafted
In, to lull us, on the breeze.

There the kine in slumber huddle,
And the fowl have gone to rest,
And sweet nature seems to nourish
All things living at her breast;
Strong, full-throated comes the music
From the trees and from the bog,
And the leaders in the chorus
Are the cricket and the frog!

Oh! the cricket
And the frog,
In the grass and
In the bog—
How their ripply music soothes one!
How their gladsome chorus smoothes one!
How the unisons arise
To salute the night-garbed skies!
Just the cricket
And the frog,
In the grass and
In the bog.

—Baltimore News.

Jingles and Jests

"Why, Willie, you didn't take off your cap to the minister!" "To him! Great Scott! I'm his caddie!"—Life.

Homes Tayer—"How did you find the prices at those old English inns?" Bennie Broad—"Quite modern."—Puck.

"There's one good thing about the law's delays." "What?" "They discourage lots of foolish people from going to law."—Judge.

She is a gentle child and wise;
She didn't mean to vex
By asking, "Do you dot your eyes,
When you put on your specs?"
—Washington Star.

Young Doctor—"What kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure?" Old Doctor—"Those who have nothing the matter with them."—Judge.

"Your mamma," said Papa Moth to his eldest son, "is the giddiest insect I know." "Why, papa?" "She is continually attending camphor balls."—Detroit Free Press.

First Cloud—"Why did you look so sorrowful?" Second Cloud—"I was just reflecting on the sad fact that when I'm gone I'll not be mist."—Town and Country.

"Don't you ever get tired doing nothing?" asked the housekeeper. "Lady," replied the tramp, "I git so tired doin' nothin' dat I can't do nothin' else."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Parvenu—"And then the whole awful story got into the papers." Mrs. Beenthere—"Oh, well, matters might be still worse. It might have been dramatized."—Judge.

Marion—"I showed those verses you wrote me to papa, and he seemed pleased." Harry—"He did?" Marian—"Yes. He said he was so glad to see you were not a poet."—Puck.

The proverb, "Faint heart never won
Fayre ladye," once was truth sublime;
But changeful fate new threads hath spun—
And, now, the faint heart is the one
The lady captures, every time!
—Collier's Weekly.

Banker (surprising a burglar who has broken open the empty safe of the bank)—"Here, you have twenty marks for your trouble—but don't tell anybody the safe was empty!"—Fliegende Blaetter.

"If people are so crazy for outdoor exercise I don't see why they don't get up garden-hoeing parties and such things." "Wouldn't do at all. The difference between exercise and work is that exercise accomplishes nothing."—Chicago Post.

The Value of Correct Breathing.

Nothing is more essential to the proper assimilation and digestion of food, and, consequently, to keeping the blood in good condition, than right breathing. The oxygen of the air is the great vitalizer and purifier of the blood and the renewer and upbuilder of the human system. If pale, hollow-cheeked anaemics, narrow-chested, predisposed consumptives, and fretful, irritable dyspeptics would only realize this, and fill their half-starved, undeveloped lungs with nature's own unfailing tonic, what a change would be wrought in their lives! Not only physical, but also mental vigor, as well as cheerfulness and will power, are dependent, to a great extent, on the amount of oxygen we absorb, so we can readily see of what prime importance in the economy of nature is the habit of correct breathing.—Success.

A Subterranean Reptile.

Men engaged in drilling an oil well east of Marion, Ind., brought to the surface a peculiar reptile. It was found at a depth of 240 feet. The reptile belongs to the lizard family, although different from any species ever before seen here. It has four legs, web feet, a short, thick tail and spotted body, resembling in many ways a house snake or chameleon, and is ten inches long. Its body is elongated and without the scales that usually appear on lizards. It has no eyelids and its eyes are unprotected. It has no teeth and its tongue is forked. In the day time it is totally blind. The animal prefers water to land and this has caused the opinion that underneath the surface of the land where the well was drilling exists a subterranean waterway.—Indianapolis News.